

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

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Editorial

*Can rules or tutors educate
The semigod whom we await?
He must be musical,
Tremulous, impressional,
Alive to gentle influence
Of landscape and of sky,
And tender to the spirit touch
Of man's or maiden's eye;
But, to his native center fast,
Shall into Future fuse the Past,
And the world's flowing fates in his own
mould recast.*

—Emerson.

THANKSGIVING DAY, Puritan in its origin, is universal in its destiny, because it is founded in nature and not in miracle. It is a festival of liberty, civic and social life, not doctrinal and ecclesiastical in its requirements. It is to be one of the sacred days in the Church of Humanity that is coming, the Church

of the Moral Law. It is a realization of Emerson's prophecy that that church will "take upon itself beauty, music, pictures and poetry."

THE genial founder and pastor of the New York "Church of the Stranger," Rev. Chas. F. Deems, D. D., is no more. In its measure his was a work for the church catholic, and he was thus a brother to the Liberals of to-day, however far his private creed may have been from ours.

JOHN BURROUGHS said that "Emerson's face revealed no blank spaces." His was a face serene in turmoil; while he was declaring sentences that would provoke a tumult in other people's breasts, his own face was calm as a summer morning. He smiled over the "storm in the Unitarian washbowl." The sermon on the mount brings a sanity which even the beatitudes do not explain; so the writings of Emerson lift to beatific heights for which the text seems no adequate explanation. Perhaps because in both cases personality breaks through the paragraphs.

CHARLES G. AMES has recently been preaching a "Sermon to the Prosperous," in which he says, "We must move away from the cruelties of competition towards free co-operation. Competition annuls the law of brotherhood." Mr. Ames' words have relation to business competition, but they are also sadly true concerning the rivalries of religion. The barbarities perpetrated in the name of religion by the competing sects are famous, or rather infamous. Let us try free co-operation in religion for a while, and see how that will work.

KINDLY LIGHT, of Nov. 12, has a six-column comment upon the lectures given by M'd Russell Webb, the American representative of Islam, under the auspices of the Unitarian church of Ithaca, New York. He

calls the visit an "Echo of the World's Parliament of Religions," and says to those who may seek a similar echo, "that they will find Mr. Webb sincere, courteous and fair." We should advise such persons to ask Rev. J. A. Scott, Ithaca, New York, to send them a copy of this always suggestive little parish sheet through the mail. Mr. Webb has a message and a purpose largely in common with that of the constituency which UNITY seeks to represent, viz: widening the range of human sympathies and emphasizing the universal elements of religion.

ONE of the interesting results of the colony established by Australians in Paraguay is an awakening of the powers that be in Australia to the necessity of a course of action which shall keep its own sons in that thinly peopled island-continent. A "Co-operative Communities Land Settlement Bill" has been prepared, the purpose of which is to give to any group or body of workers who apply for it a body of land for a colony, which may be developed according to their own plan, and to whom money or tools will be advanced by the government without interest, the same to be returned to the government within twelve years in installments. As much land is still to be had in large tracts much may come of this. *The Twentieth Century* suggests that it might be well for our own Government to do likewise.

WE learn from the *Independent* that at the recent conference of Liberal Presbyterians, in Cleveland, O., there were about sixty ministers and elders present, including Rev. Drs. Patterson, of Chicago, Egbert, of St. Paul, Francis Brown, of New York City, Fiske, of Ithaca, N. Y., Millard, of Rochester, N. Y., and Haydn, of Cleveland. The manifesto issued protested against what the conference regarded as undue assumptions of authority on the part of prose-

cutting committees and ecclesiastical courts, and urged liberal ministers to remain in the church, insisting upon their belief that it was broad enough "to embrace in its communion and in its ministry all forms and schools of reverent scholarship which accept the essential and necessary articles of our common faith, acknowledging the Lord Jesus as Divine Master and Savior, and the Bible as the only infallible rule of faith and practice." Certainly this platform is not so disastrously broad as to cause very great consternation in conservative circles, although it does imply a change of base from the Westminster Confession to the Bible.

A NEW VOLUME FROM EMERSON.

Here is cause for Thanksgiving which the President and the Governors did not get into their proclamations. If Charles Lamb was moved to say grace whenever he sat down to Shakespeare why should we not give thanks for this sheaf of ripened wheat granted by the "Celestial Ceres," even more than for the perishable wheat that sustains the perishable body, gathered on Minnesota prairies. A new volume of Emerson! A book which makes available again the words which had passed out of reach of most of his lovers, completing the round dozen of the Riverside edition.

This volume is a priceless addition to the Emerson library if for no other reason than that it gives to us for the first time a general index of all the published works of Mr. Emerson. And what author of modern times so needs an index? How unavailable, even to the man of most retentive memory, is much of his material without an index? What writer so full of quotable things, so apt with fact and anecdote, so wide in his range of quotation and illustration? And now much of these are given a new availability. Whatever interest there may be in the body of this new volume, the best reading to the Emerson lover is found in the index pages. They awaken so many pleasant associations. They present graphically the wide erudition of the man who was no erudite; the extensive reading of the man who taught so well the limitations of books. This index shows us his favorite paths, it tempts many conclusions, some of which are dangerous. If, for instance, we were to seek by

index for Emerson's favorite prophet we would find suggestiveness in these figures. The index contains seven references under the head of Zoroaster; six under Mohammed; fourteen under Confucius; twenty-six under Socrates, and seventy under Jesus. The name of Moses does not appear, neither does the name of Buddha. Had Emerson done most of his work before the "Light of Asia" had reached the Western hemisphere? or was there something uncongenial in the humble earth-pilgrim of Asia to the joyous sky-traveler of America? Perhaps so; for one of the seven references under the word "Buddhist" reads "Nature no Buddhist." There is an index of quotations as well as a topical index. This index contains, if we count it right, one hundred and forty-two references in all. Glancing over it one readily discovers, if not his favorite authors, the most familiar ones. There are eight quotations from Milton, nine from Wordsworth, and twenty from Shakespeare; the Sonnets being frequently drawn upon. The inference which these figures suggest is sustained by a reference to the text in this new volume, where we find him saying that Milton "would curl his lip at the slipshod newspaper style of Wordsworth." And yet, he says, "Wordsworth has done more for the sanity of this generation than any other writer." Dare we say that on that account Wordsworth tallies one more than Milton? Again we turn to the body of the new book and find him saying:

The prodigious growth and influence of the genius of Shakespeare in the last one hundred and fifty years is a fact of the first importance. It, almost alone, has called out the genius of the German nation into an activity which, spreading from the poetic into the scientific, religious and philosophical domains, has made theirs now at last the paramount intellectual influence of the world, reacting with great energy on England and America.

No wonder that Shakespeare should lead all the rest in his quotation, and that there should be almost a column of references to him in the general index.

We have one quarrel with this general index, and that a personal one. It compels us at last to retire from exclusive use the dear old volumes in Quaker drab, the original Emerson issued in the early sixties by the Ticknor & Field house, the volumes that for a quarter of a cen-

tury have been thumbed, under-scored, marked with cross references, and with emotional accents of appreciation and dissent. These humble volumes have heretofore held lordly sway in our affections over the more stately and presentable volumes of the Riverside edition. But the index is to this last edition, and there is no help for it, we must stock up. Every lover of Emerson must now own the Riverside edition and have the twelve affluent volumes with their general index at hand. Emerson has called the writings of Plato "an epitome of libraries." In this as in many other senses he himself might be called the American Plato. One other thing is worthy of remark concerning this index; it comes, not as we might have expected from the quiet alcoves of the Harvard library or from its classic neighborhood, but from an appreciative student out in the "wild and woolly West." Prof. John H. Woods, from the Platonic city of Jacksonville, Illinois, has done this high service to the book-lover and the truth-seeker. "No doubt about it," said Bronson Alcott in 1878, "in the next twenty-five years the Mississippi Valley will be sending missionaries to Massachusetts."

But the index is by no means the only interesting thing in this new volume. It contains eight papers reprinted from the now famous and rare *Dial*; two papers reprinted from the *North American Review*, on Michael Argelo and Milton; a lecture on Boston, printed for the first time, we infer, from a course of lectures on "Life and Literature" delivered in Boston in 1861; and the initial paper, which gives the title to the book, "Natural History of Intellect," and one on Memory. These two are all the editor can bring to us of several courses of lectures on Mental Philosophy delivered in the fifties and the sixties. The absence of the philosophic method, as popularly understood, is perhaps the surest evidence of Emerson's philosophic profundity. These first sixty pages may well lead us to distrust the best balanced "scheme," and to break from the tyranny of the "systems" of philosophy. Emerson accepts the humbler mission of "writing anecdotes of the intellect; a sort of Farmer's Almanac of mental moods." Any attempt to force these into a system he considers premature.

"'Tis the gnat grasping the world." And again he says, "Metaphysics is dangerous as a single pursuit." "The analytic process is cold and bereaving, and,—shall I say it?—somewhat mean, as spying. There is something surgical in metaphysics as we treat it. The poet sees wholes and avoids analysis."

We have no space to speak of the other papers. It is interesting to read his estimate of Boston, historic and prophetic, in 1861, in the light of thirty years of history. Let Boston itself read, and ask itself how far was it just then? how does it fit now? The lamented William Hunt used to say that "Michael Angelo was so great a man that the subsequent ages have produced no man large enough to interpret him." If this is true perhaps no more successful attempt at a just estimate can be found than in these forty-seven pages of Emerson's. Milton also finds here an interpreter that is akin to his own greatness.

This volume cannot be expected to add anything to the power of the Emerson literature, but it is so much more familiar richnes, representing Emerson in his prime. Every page bristles with quotable things. For instance: "Things belong in a row." "Modern literature indicates the uprise of the soul, and not the decline." "With egotism on the one side and levity on the other we shall have no Olympus." "The poem, of all the poetry of the present age, for which we predict the longest term is Abou Ben Adhem." Evolution he describes as "man's escape from the quadruped type, not yet perfectly accomplished."

Surely it is an opportune time for UNITY to send forth this Emerson number; the Thanksgiving season, of which he might well be considered type and prophet. To this Thanksgiving season he brings to us treasures new and old. Thanks for the new volume that revives and enlarges our appreciation of the old one.

"Thanks be to God for his holy saints; thanks be to him who giveth wisdom, Which in all ages entering into holy souls maketh them friends of God and prophets."

Courage consists in equality to the problem before us.

—Emerson, in *Courage*.

We are as much gainers by finding a new property in the old earth as by acquiring a new planet.

—Emerson, in *Uses of Great Men*.

PHILANTHROPY AND INTEGRITY

In Mr. Gronlund's book on socialism ("The Co-operative Commonwealth") he makes what seems to me a very significant admission. It is, that as sympathy has grown strong and individualism has weakened, integrity has deteriorated; or, in his own words, "crimes against property have notoriously increased."

I suspect that there is more than a grain of truth in this statement. And when we take into account the forms in which "philanthropy" presents itself and the views which are urged concerning property, why should not this be so? We are pointed to the innumerable charity institutions for the relief of every conceivable suffering or want of man, to the tender mercies and comforts extended even to the worst criminals, as evidence of the growth of human sympathy. Our age is compared with other ages, our generation with past generations,—with Roman stoicism, or with Puritan hardness of heart,—and we are told to behold the gain of good-will, of unselfishness, of tender sentiment. But when it comes to the matter of integrity, of inflexible honesty, why, crimes against property were never so rife as now.

Is there not good and sufficient reason why the rights of property should be lightly esteemed or disregarded? What are most of the reforms advocated to-day but direct or indirect attacks upon property rights? All the socialistic schemes now in vogue are calculated to create a deep-seated skepticism as to the just title of any man to the things he possesses. One man shows you that to take interest is unjust; another tells you that to own land is only less criminal than to own a slave; a third tells you that all capital is "the fleecing of labor;" while there are not wanting those who affirm that any private ownership is fraud.

Large numbers of the young are growing up where old-fashioned honesty in property matters, where the old-fashioned conscience about taking the possessions of others, does not exist. What must be the influence upon a boy who hears his father, or those about him, say: That merchant's wealth, that manufacturer's capital, that railroad's outfit, that gentleman's carriage or pictures, were all stolen; they are fraudulent possessions, and none the less so because

legally taken from the earnings of the poor? Will it be strange if he contributes as little as possible, by any service of his, to make the wealth of his employer greater? Will he be particularly careful of his employer's time, or of his employer's goods? If capital represents the robbery of the wage-earner, will not the wage-earner justify himself in any effort to destroy it?

My own impression is that it is no great wonder that in the slush of sentiment and pseudo-philanthropy now so prevalent, the sense of integrity and of justice is weakened. The skepticism so common in socialistic and communistic circles, about the right to property and the rights of property owners, weakens the whole structure of society. Carried a little farther, government would dissolve, the state would crumble, only, however, to pass into the hands of tyrants as cold-blooded as any that history records.

To destroy the sense of personal ownership is in the majority of cases to destroy the sense of personal responsibility. If what I have,—however honestly gained, as I look at it,—is not my own; if I cannot produce or accumulate anything without the feeling that it is the gain of injustice or tainted with fraud,—why, then I can have no respect for the rights by which any man keeps his possessions. We are all thieves together. Capitalist's dollar or workman's dollar,—if he is so unfortunate as to have saved one,—there is nothing sacred or to be respected in either. What wonder, then, that each steals from the other all he can get for present enjoyment, with no more compunction than the beasts have that struggle with each other over their prey? J. C. L.

A great integrity makes us immortal; an admiration, a deep love, a strong will arms us above fear. It makes a day memorable. We say we lived years in that hour.

—Emerson, in *Immortality*.

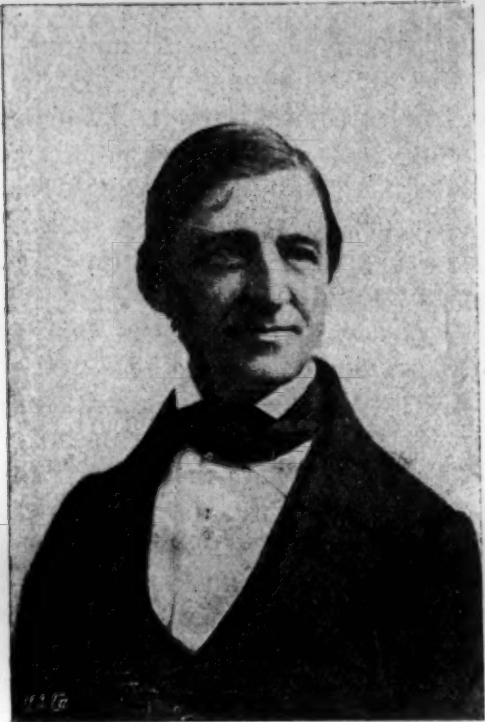
A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across the mind from within more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages.

—Emerson, in *Self-Reliance*.

See what strong intellects dare not yet hear God Himself, unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what, David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives

—Emerson, in *Self-Reliance*

Contributed and Selected



R. W. EMERSON, ABOUT 1850.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

[Reprinted from the *Union and Advertiser*, of Rochester, N. Y.; the pictures loaned by its courtesy.]

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

Ninety years ago this week, in an old gambrel-roofed parsonage among the apple trees of Boston—not far from where the great fire flashed out among the granite blocks in 1872—the minister of the First Church of the city jotted down the following item in his diary:

"May 25, 1803. Mr. Puffer preached his Election Sermon to great acceptance. This day also, whilst I was at dinner at Governor Strong's, my son Ralph Waldo was born. Mrs. E. well. Club at Mr. Adams'."

Had the Rev. William Emerson known who his son was as well as we, he would not have sandwiched his advent in between the dinner and the club in that way. But at all events the little fellow had arrived, and Massachusetts knew, at least, it was an Election Day.

Mr. Emerson, like many of his Massachusetts brethren at that time, was a liberal Congregationalist well out from Calvinism; for a silent change of faith had long been going on in the ancient Puritan meeting-houses, and now the "Unitarian movement" was beginning. Behind the father, in the various lines of ancestry, lay several long ministries in those "first churches" of the wilderness—reaching up to Peter Bulkeley, who, in 1634, led his flock of members across the sea and westwards on, through twenty miles of woods, to settle Concord. Many of these ancestors had been to Harvard College. So that the little boy had the Brahmin blood of New England in him.

The father died in 1811, leaving the mother and six children to struggle with poverty. She took board-

ers, and the boys did the housework. Ralph—"a spiritual-looking boy in blue nankeen"—said grace at the table, scoured the knives, drove the cow to pasture, perhaps on Boston Common, and shared his winter overcoat, turn and turn about, with the next smaller brother. He was too spiritual and serious and reserved to make an easy playmate, it is said. In a recent number of the *Atlantic* Dr. Furness has just been telling us his memories of those dim playdays. Spite of the poverty the boys were born to go to Harvard; so books and lessons crowded hard the chores. In his essay on "Domestic Life" Emerson gives a glimpse of this eager, bracing home-life, where "the angels that dwelt with them were Toil and Want and Truth and Mutual Faith." One other bracing angel, all their own, they had in an "Aunt Mary"—Mary Moody Emerson—an imperious, glowing soul, a dumb Dante of New England Calvinism, who transcendentalized the fiery faith into a poetic worship of the Infinite. He draws her picture for us in a reverent but most amusing essay. To the boys she was a searching counselor of perfection, an outside conscience ever urging them to "scorn trifles, lift your aims, do what you are afraid to do!" More than either parent this aunt hints the ancestral sources where their genius rose.

THE YOUNG MINISTER.

By 18 Ralph was out of college, where, in contrast with two brilliant brothers, he had made little mark. A few years passed, and then, obedient to the family fate, he was ordained as minister of a Boston church. One of our illustrations reproduces the "Order of Services" at the young man's ordination. (The original was found a few years ago among the papers of a Boston minister who took part in the service. It must be an almost unique copy and

our reproduction is probably the first one ever made.) This was in 1829, by which time nearly all the leading Boston churches had become full "Unitarian," his own, the "Second Church," among the others. "That young man will make another Channing," said a hearer in Dr. Channing's church on a Sunday when Emerson preached there on exchange. "One day there came into our pulpit the most gracious of mortals, with a face all benignity, who gave out the first hymn and made the first prayer as an angel might have read and prayed," said a hearer in New Bedford. Yet in three years and a half the radiant youth resigned his pulpit and the ministry. Not that he disliked the work, or was unsuccessful in it. It was simply that he could no longer sympathetically administer the "Lord's Supper." He told his people why: that the rite claimed a sanction that did not belong to it in the intent of Jesus; that its oriental symbolism was no longer fitted to our tastes; but chiefly, that the exaggerated value set upon the form, the insisting on it as a vital thing, was to confound the substance of Christianity with its shadow. To-day most Unitarians agree with young Emerson about this matter, but then his people loved their rite, and so in all gentleness and good will they parted.

AT CONCORD.

He went to Europe for a little while, where his greatest sight was neither Rome nor Paris, but Carlyle, Carlyle hard to find in his Scotch heather, and little listened to by men as yet. It was the beginning of the historic friendship, which after the many years lies chronicled in the "Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson." Then home again, and now to Concord (1834), where he soon bought his house, brought a young wife, and settled down to a thinker's



EMERSON'S FIRST CONCORD HOME.

(Where he wrote part of his "Nature," and Hawthorne his "Mosses from an Old Manse.")

ORDER OF SERVICES

AT THE

ORDINATION OF MR RALPH WALDO EMERSON

AS JUNIOR PASTOR

OF THE

Second Church and Society

IN BOSTON,

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1829.

VOLUNTARY.—ANTHEM.
ORIGINAL MUSIC BY MR. A. ALLEN.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
All heaven reveres, all worlds obey,
Now make the Saviour's glory known,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

Through Him shall endless prayers be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise,
With every daily sacrifice.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

INTRODUCTORY PRAYER
AND SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.
By A. P. Allen

HYMN.
By H. W. W. W.

How beautiful the feet of those
Who publish Peace from heaven!
How glad the message they disclose
From Him, to save us given!
Glory to God, good will to men,
And Peace on earth, attend his reign.

The world was dark with woe and strife;
Pain, sin, and death bore sway;
And souls, ordain'd to nobler life,
In fear and bondage lay.
His word went forth—earth's evils cease,
And ransom'd spirits rest in peace.

That Peace, which earth can never give,
And never take away,
Shall conquer time and death, and live
Through heaven's eternal day.
Praise to the Lord! whose boundless grace
Redeems and saves our sinful race.

SERMON.
By Mr. Ripley of Waltham

ORDAINING PRAYER.
By Mr. Ripley

HYMN.
By Mr. Ripley

FATHER! we bow in fervent prayer
In this, thy holy place,
That we, thy children, here may share
The blessings of thy grace.

On him, thine eye benignant bend,
The herald of thy truth,
Who, in thy service, vows to spend
The treasures of his youth.

For him we humbly crave thy care;
Thy faith and hope to cheer;
Thy strength, the pains and toils to bear
Of every coming year.

Here may the gospel of thy Son,
Pure, as when Jesus taught,
A full, unfeiter'd current run,
With joy and healing fraught.

Here may the young and thoughtless learn
To walk in Wisdom's path;
And here the aged spirit burn
With love and perfect faith.

Here may the mourner's heart rejoice
In hopes of promised heaven,
And sorrowing sinners find the voice
That calls to sinners' forgiveness.

May each, beneath thy servant's care,
To truth and glory brought,
In joyful numbers, witness bear
How faithfully he wrought.

And, when the final hour shall come,
That sunders earthly ties,
May he and they a happier home
Enjoy beyond the skies.

CHARGE.
By Mr. Ripley

RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.
By Mr. Ripley

ADDRESS TO THE SOCIETY.
By Mr. Ripley

CONCLUDING PRAYER.
By Mr. Ripley

ANTHEM.

The Lord will comfort Zion, he will comfort her waste places and
make her like Eden, like the garden of the Lord.
Joy and gladness shall be found therein, Thanksgiving and the
voice of melody.

We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord. All
the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting. To thee all
angels cry aloud, the Heavens and all the powers therein, to the
Cherubim, to the Seraphim continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of Sabaoth, Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy
glory.

BENEDICTION.

(From the original print.)

quiet life. And now, being about thirty years of age, the real Ralph Waldo Emerson began to teach. His daily walk among the woods and hills; his books—there were not many of them; his thinking—the chief part of his day; the crystalizing of his thoughts in paged and indexed journals; the quarrying of his lectures from these journals, the lecturing itself, and from time to time the gathering of the lectures into a printed book—in this peaceful work he lived until he died. But if peaceful, it was earnest work, as of one enlisted in a service. If the Arctic explorer's tale of daring toil

woke any shame in the scholar's heart, it showed, he said, that the scholar was not toiling as he ought. And it was no hermit's life he led; "society and solitude" was the double motto of his days. Such essays of his as "The American Scholar" (1837), "Literary Ethics," and, again, "The Scholar" (1876), and such poems as those called "Saadi" and "The Poet" are autobiographic of his method and ideal. "Books are for the scholar's idle times." "There can be no scholar without the heroic mind." "Truth shall be policy enough for him." "A great soul will be strong to live as

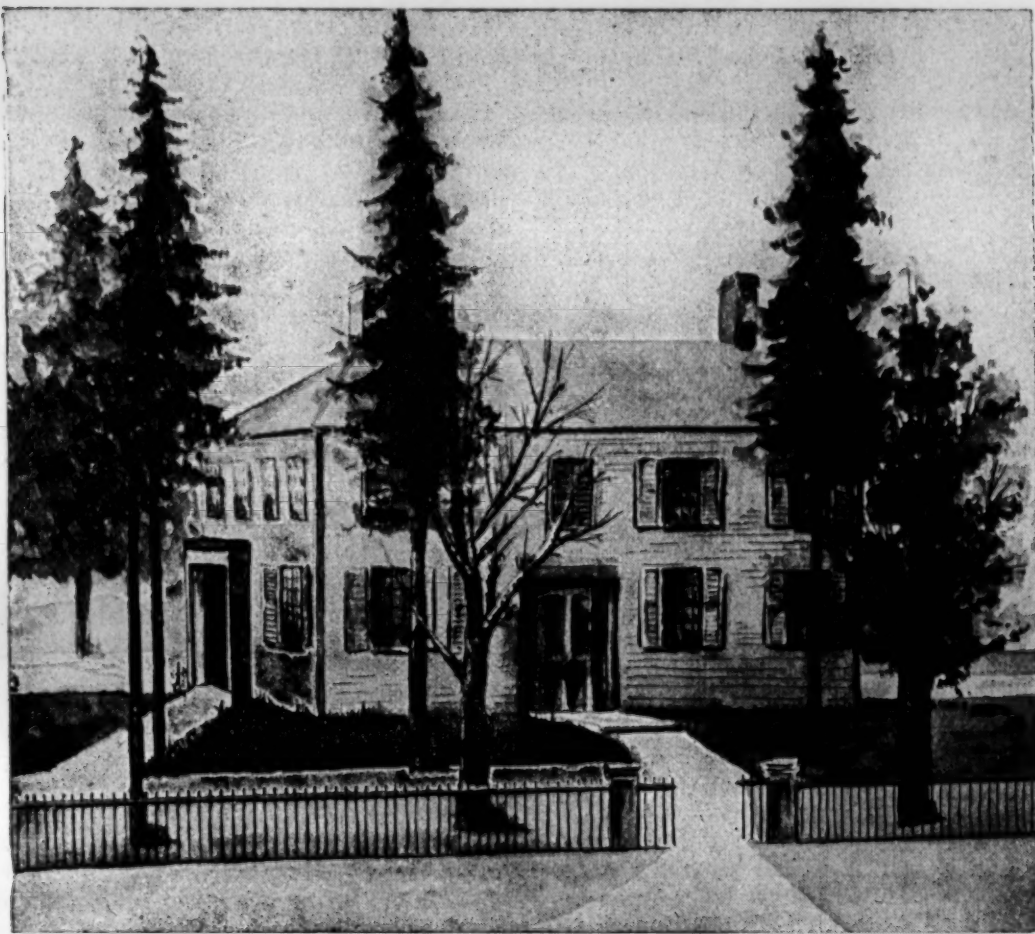
well as strong to think." "The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims."

THE TRANSCENDENTAL MOVEMENT.

The first ten years in Concord were Emerson's ripening season, and this same period (1834-44) covered that upheaval of the New England mind that is called the "Transcendental Movement." Of this movement Emerson was the recognized center, but in close connection with him stood Alcott, Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Theodore Parker and others. It was a general strike for intellectual and spiritual independence; a dissent all along the line from the traditional authorities in literature, philosophy, science, education, philanthropy, family and social customs, and religion; so it took many shapes, some of them comical, most of them crude, yet not a few of them the beginnings of needed and enduring reforms. "Brook Farm" was one phase of it; the "Transcendental Club" and Miss Fuller's "Conversations" another; rough "Come-outer" Conventions and the rise of the "Investigator" another. The philanthropies were all astir. In these days rose Anti-slavery and Woman's Rights and Non-resistance, while Temperance and Educational Reform took on new energies. All this, besides a cackling brood of minor *isms*, *ologies* and *pathies*. It is all far enough away from to-day to be romantic ground, and many writers have described it, some seriously, some laughingly; Hawthorne in his "Blithedale Romance," Lowell in his "Thoreau" and his "Fable for Critics," Frothingham in his "Transcendentalism in New England" and his "Life of Parker," Emerson himself in such essays as his "Transcendentalism," "The Young American," "New England Reformers" and "Historic Notes."

THE LECTURER.

Emerson was related to the movement chiefly on the side of philosophy and religion, the side on which it was the continuation and transfiguration of the early Unitarianism. He never joined his friends at Brook Farm in their experiment of transcendental family life. And not till later did he give much active sympathy to the Abolitionists. Although he always had a prompt, brave word for any cause that won his faith, at no time in his life was he a man of the reform organizations. Still less was he himself an organizer. The little magazine he helped to found, called the *Dial* (1840-44), and his winter lectures, gave him his opportunity for self-expression. Within those first ten years at Concord all the addresses that make the first three volumes of his works were written, and they contain the substance of his whole life's thought. In 1836 he printed anonymously his earliest book, a very little one but with nothing small about its title. "Nature," and even its few pages seem to hold in embryo nearly all he ever said. Its language was so new



EMERSON'S LATER CONCORD HOME.

that it took eleven or twelve years, it is said, to sell five hundred copies of the beautiful and mystic poem-in-prose.

But, "Nature" and his poems in verse excepted, almost everything he wrote reached the public first in lecture-forms. Outside of the churches, and outside of the college, he created a new profession in New England—that of lecturer. For seven successive winters (1834-1841) he hired his hall in Boston and gave his evening course. "Biography," "English Literature," "The Philosophy of History," "Human Culture," "Human Life," "The Present Age," "The Times"—were his roomy subjects. What these evenings were to the little audiences depended on the ears that listened. One wise man said frankly, "I don't understand him—but my girls do." John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States, deposits judgment in his diary thus: "A young man named Ralph Waldo Emerson, after falling in the everyday vocations of a Unitarian preacher and a schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies." On the other hand, the question that went laughing round certain Boston circles when Emerson's first boy was born in 1836, "Was the child born with wings?" meant something besides mock. And that there were ears that tingled and hearts that throbbed, we know from what the young poet James Russell Lowell told us in his essay called "Emerson

the Lecturer": "Emerson awakened us, saved us from the body of this death. He put us in communication with a larger style of thought, sharpened our wits with a more pungent phrase, gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England; made us conscious

of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us."

Now and then, on invitation, he gave some single notable address, like the oration on "The American Scholar" at Cambridge, in 1837; and the address before the Divinity School of Harvard College, in 1838; the former well called by Dr. Holmes "our intellectual Declaration of Independence," and the latter causing a sensation as profound in the religious as the other in the literary circles,—people debating whether Emerson were a Christian, a pantheist, or an atheist. Probably few thought him the first; even the Unitarians were very uncertain of that. Yet Father Taylor—that star that slipped from heaven to light a sailors' Bethel—Father Taylor, the Methodist, said of this same young man: "I have laid my ear close to his heart, and never heard any jar in the machinery; he is more like Jesus than anybody else I have ever known. Should he go to hell, it would change the climate and emigration would set that way."

THE FAITHS OF EMERSON.

Ceasing to write sermons, Emerson had begun, unconsciously to himself and to the world, to write scriptures. In his earlier lectures he preached a constant gospel of self-reliance:

"Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist." "If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him." "Defeated all the time, and yet to victory born."

"It is in rugged crisis, in unweariable endurance, and in aims which put

"Books are for the scholar's idle times."
"Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst."
—R. W. E.



EMERSON'S LIBRARY.

"I visit occasionally the Cambridge library, and I can seldom go there without renewing the conviction that the best of it all is already within the four walls of my study at home."
—R. W. E.

sympathy out of question, that the angel is shown. The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold."

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion: it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

But the individual was thus sacred as an inlet of the universal spirit. Emerson was no systematic philosopher. He neither borrowed formulas from philosophic idealism, nor cared

Newly, startlingly, inspiringly, as one having authority and not as the scribes speaking from tradition. Concerning each of these high faiths listen for a moment to his own words.

1. *The Soul and Over-Soul*.—"There is no bar or wall in the Soul, where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins." "We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal One. . . . When it breathes through his intellect, it is

the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides." "A cultivated man, wise to know and bold to perform, is the end to which nature works, and the education of the will is the flowering and result of all this geology and astronomy." "Character is nature in its highest form."

And of Jesus, "Alone in all history he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me."

3. *The Spiritual Laws*.—"These divine laws execute themselves, they are out of time, out of space, and not

"The good River-God has taken the form of my valiant Henry Thoreau here, and introduced me to the riches of his shadowy, star-lit, moon-lit stream. Through one field we went to the boat, and then left all time, all science, all history behind us, and entered into nature with one stroke of the paddle."—R. W. Emerson.



ON CONCORD RIVER ("MUSKETAQUIT").

"Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,
Repeats the music of the rain:
But sweeter rivers pulsate fit
Through thee, as thou through Concord plain."

I see the inundation sweet,
I hear the spending of the stream
Through years, through men, through nature fleet,
Through love and thought, through power and dream."

—R. W. Emerson.

to elaborate a system of his own. He simply affirmed and reaffirmed certain insights of his own mind. And what were these—what ideas stand as equivalent and synonym today for "Emerson"? It is not hard to tell, so constantly does he repeat them. They were:

1. The Soul, the Over-Soul, and the essential oneness of the two.

2. The One Miracle of Nature.

3. The fact of self-enacting Spiritual Laws, and the unity of these laws with those which hold in the world of matter.

4. The "Beautiful Necessity" by which, according to these laws, all things work for truth and right forever.

5. The Source of Religion in the Ought, the Sovereignty of Ethics, and the progress of religion from theology to morals.

Nothing new in any part of this. Only he said it newly for his day.

genius: when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love."

"If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into that man with justice."

"Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line,
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine."

2. *The One Miracle of Nature*.—"Other world! There is no other world. God is one and omnipresent; here or nowhere is the whole fact."

"The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the common." "But the word Miracle, as pronounced by Christian churches, gives a false impression; it is Monster. It is not one with the blowing clover and the falling rain."

"It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato, and the preaching of the immortality of

subject to circumstance. Thus in the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire. He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted."

"The laws of material nature run up into the invisible world of the mind." "The axioms of physics translate the laws of ethics."

"I look for the new teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy."

4. *The Power that Makes for Righteousness*.—"The primordial atoms are predetermined to moral issues." "There is a force always at work to

make the best better and the worst good." "The Law alive and beautiful works over our heads and under our feet. Pitiless, it avails itself of our success when we obey it, and of our ruin when we contravene it." "The law is the basis of the human mind. In us, it is inspiration; out there in Nature, we see its fatal strength. We call it the moral sentiment."

"In the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

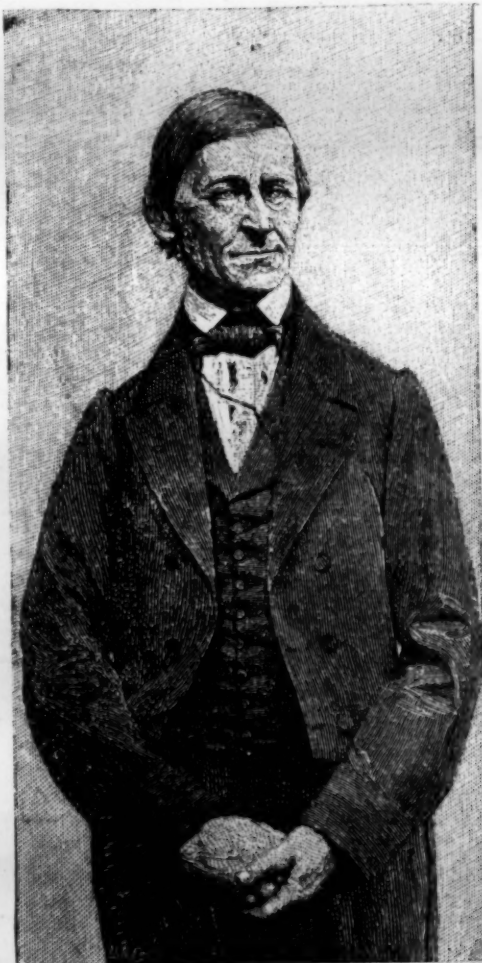
5. *The Sovereignty of Ethics.*—"The sentiment of virtue is the essence of all religion." "All the victories of religion belong to the moral sentiment." "Men talk of 'mere morality,' which is much as if one should say: 'Poor God, with nobody to help him.' " "I consider theology to be the rhetoric of morals. The mind of this age has fallen away from theology to morals. I conceive it an advance."

"The next age will behold God in the ethical laws—as mankind begins to see them in this age, self-equal, self-executing, instantaneous and self-affirmed, needing no voucher, no prophet, and no miracle besides their own irresistibility; and will regard natural history, private fortunes and politics, not for themselves, as we have done, but as illustrations of those laws, of that beatitude and love. Nature is too thin a screen; the glory of the One breaks in everywhere."

HIS INFLUENCE.

A prophet was among us. Whatever else he was, Emerson was that. To himself he seemed a poet, poet rather than philosopher; and in this most men would agree with him. He wrote to his betrothed before their marriage: "I am born a poet—of a low class without doubt, yet a poet. That is my nature and vocation. My singing, be sure, is very husky, and is for the most part in prose. Still I am a poet in the sense of a perceiver and dear lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter, and specially of the correspondences between these and those." But some name more direct than poet we need for him, some name implying the ever present attitude of worship in the man and the revelation in his word and the exaltation that he wrought in others. "Priest of the intellect" Alcott called him. "He brought you face to face with the infinite in humanity," said Henry James. "The friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit," Matthew Arnold said. That was the impression that Emerson made when here; that is the impression that he is making now, and making more and more as years go by. His audience is widening fast. He seems to be a spiritual solvent of the churches. The "Emerson classes" hold Roman Catholic and Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Jew, Unitarian and the unchurched, side by side, all finding unity in him, and all finding

uplift. Yet what he said was equivalent to a searching criticism of the current Christianity of these churches. For the prophet must needs be critic. Now and then his words hit hard, as in the Divinity School Address; now and then a quiet sentence stung, as when he spoke of "the pale negations of Boston Unitarianism." He was a Unitarian logically developed and spiritually transfigured, but the increment was large enough to clear him of the name and of all sectarian names. But he was always in sympathy with the Church and Christianity in the broad sense. His name and Theodore Parker's will always be connected, and with right, for those



R. W. EMERSON, ABOUT 1859.

five great faiths of Emerson glowed full as brightly in the heart of Parker. But in two respects the connection is a contrast. What Emerson uttered without plot or plan, Parker tried to formulate into a system. Parker was the Paul of Transcendentalism. And whereas Parker in his method of reform was a son of thunder, Emerson was—in Holmes' graceful phrase—"an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship."

HIS LATER YEARS.

If those first ten years at Concord were the ripening season, the productive years stretched on for twenty or thirty more. But there is little more to tell in a sketch so short as this. His outward life had in it very few events. A "spiritual biography," such as Mr. Cabot has written, is the only kind that can be written of him, and few biographies so charming of this kind have been given to the world. Always he remained the

quiet thinker, always the knightly scholar, always the careful fashioner of sentences, always the lecturer. As early as 1847, when he made a second trip to England, he found a distinguished welcome. And everywhere his welcome grew, until his winters regularly held a long lecture trip through the West. Few knew him intimately. Nature had gifted him to be her solitary thinker, and did not frustrate that gift with the other gift of easy access. Yet there are few great men whose courtesy has bred more anecdote; for "he encountered each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he would impart." He was a revered friend to many—to the plain farmers and the children of his village as well as to the strangers who came from distant lands to see him. Of his face and manner, so simple, so sincere and so serene, the friends who knew him best are fond of quoting the lines written of Sir Philip Sidney—

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books."

A few years before his death his memory ebbed away in all its channels; but the ebbing of the thought-streams seemed to lay bare to plainer view the under-beauty of his nature—the serenity, the courtesy, the humility that had so long been loved as "Emerson." On April 27, 1882, he died. And now the pilgrims seeking Concord go to "Sleepy Hollow," where his grave and those of Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcotts lie. They find him resting at the foot of a great pine tree; the only stone a shining mountain rock, and on the rock no name.

A NOBLE little Emerson Anthology will be found in *Unity Mission Tract No. 20*. It contains 125 passages from the essays and poems, grouped under seven subjects.—the Over Soul, Nature and Man, the Moral Law, Character, the Heart of Love, the Immortal Life, the One Religion: Selected by W. C. Gannett. Price 5 cents; 10 copies, 25 cents.—Emerson's "Divinity School Address" is printed complete as *Unity Mission Tract No. 8*. Five cents; 10 for 25 cents. Both for sale by UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

TWO IN TEN.—An exceedingly interesting report of a postal mission gives this extract from a letter: "I will try to lend your literature; I am particularly anxious to influence a friend who recently told her daughter that ten out of twelve persons would be lost eternally! Said poor — to me: 'I wonder which two out of our family will be saved; there are ten brothers and sisters.'" Comment would almost spoil; but it will bear a good deal of thinking about.

—*The Coming Day.*

NO REAL child of God wants to go to heaven alone.

RESURGAM.

Autumn fades and for the last time
Falls the robin's evening lay,
Like a happy note of morning
Trembling down the dying day.
Fallen leaves are all around us,
Memories haunt the wood and wold,
And we recognize "*Resurgam*"
Written in the season's gold.

Naught there is but has a future.
Bird or blossom, bud or bee;
Shall God give to them the morning
And deny the dawn to me?
Nay, I will not, dare not doubt it:
Never was immortal curse,
And the promise, the *resurgam*
Is for all God's universe.

Though the pride of man proclaim Him
And His weal heaven's only care,
Still within His soul must linger
Doubts that whisper low, "*Beware!*"
If God counts the falling sparrows,
Think you that the count is vain?
Wherefore count or men or sparrows,
If the dead shall dead remain?

BENJ. S. PARKER.

New Castle, Ind.

cool and fresh, with a mid-summer atmosphere. The next is the ever-expected annual from Irene Jerome, whose decorative work each year shows a growing grasp on art, and also a deepening confidence in her hand on the part of the publisher. This year she has left the woods and birds and confined herself chiefly to the pansy with conventionalized settings of scroll work in gold. Miss Jerome is always happy in her letter text, which this year includes selections from "H. H." Emerson, Chadwick, Gannett, Susan Coolidge, Paul H. Hayne, and the deathless Scripture. It all makes a beautiful little sermon in color and melody on the text, "I Had a Friend."

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" continues to hold the artists as did the grim sailor the wedding guest. They cannot forego its inspiration and so they try to illustrate a text that always outreaches the pictures. J. Noah Paton, R. S. A., is the one who has tried it this year. He has come near enough to the text to make a series of pictures cold, severe, and yet wild, which, together with F. H. Underwood's introductory note, will conquer again a new file of children

will have vitality quite beyond the holiday season. To perpetuate the fancy of the bouquet, this publishing house ties up the bunch with a pretty little "All the Year Round" Calendar, each month being domineered over by a heart-winning little miss in red.

The G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, hand us a handful of immortelles, deathless flowers, put up in beautiful but durable vest-pocket form. They are books that will really get into the pocket and will be read all the year round. If you want a seventy-five cent little book for a present, you ought to find here something you like, for the series contains Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," Matthew Arnold's "Study of Poetry," Ruskin's "Ideas of Truth," De Quincey's "Conversation," and Rossetti's "The House of Life." These are well named "Literary Gems."

THE GREAT REMEMBRANCE and Other Poems. By Richard Wat-on Gilder. New York: The Century Co. 1893.

The beautiful appearance of this volume, with its golden lotus on a milk-white ground, is what it should be for a visible sign of the contents. There is here no new revelation. Some time since Mr. Gilder took his line, and here he follows it with unabated dignity and strength, but with no visible access of fresh power. Yet is he most satisfactory within his narrow range. The workmanship is wholly beautiful. It is like that of low relief in marble. This sinless artist never drapes his goddess warm. He is not a colonist and the modeling of the high relief or statue is not here. Deep feeling and lofty sentiment are here, but passion there is none, or it is held in perfect intellectual restraint. The poem which names the volume so loftily, "The Great Remembrance," is so strong and fine that those of us who knew Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" by heart can read this with sincere delight, and it could hardly win from us a better praise than this. One very interesting thing about Mr. Gilder is that with his profound idealism there goes along a certain opportunism. His imagination is easily touched to the fine issues of patriotism and such current events as have in them a heart of poetry for the discerning eye. We have here in proof of this a series of sonnets on the "Vanishing City" of the Columbian Exposition and "The White City." Those whose principle is *nil admirari* will be astonished by these bursts of cordial sympathy and praise. The relations of Lowell and Gilder were so honorable to both that we read the tribute to Lowell almost as if we had read it in some pre-existent state. In several other poems Mr. Gilder allows himself "the delights of admiration"; in one for Tennyson, in another for Booth, in another for Paderewski's playing, a poem full of sympathy and with the ability to find

"All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen."
"He who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now."



"THE SHINING MOUNTAIN ROCK."

"What is excellent
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again."
—R. W. Emerson.

The Study Table

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

The bouquets of Christmas blossoms are already being gathered. The first splendid bunch of beauties is handed us by the Lee & Shepard publishing house. Four elegant witnesses to the rapid advance of the typographic art. The first is Julia C. R. Dorr's "Periwinkle," illustrated in charcoal by Zulma DeLacey Steele. The poet's

"Tinkle, tinkle,
Periwinkle!"

finds a woodsy setting in these eighteen bits of rusticity which come,

and give pleasure afresh to a long file of old friends. Adapting a phrase of Abraham Lincoln's, if one likes to buy this kind of Christmas present, this certainly is of a kind he is sure to like.

The last of our four will bring delight to the heart of the New Englander, and much pleasure to the student of New England. Samuel Adams Drake has brought together eighteen pictures of characteristic Colonial mansions,—apparently reproductions from photographs, most of them,—imbedding each in an ample descriptive text and history; the whole making a handsome book of two hundred and twelve pages which

the word and phrase to fit the thing. "How Death May Make a Man" is the strongest poem in the book: the theme has made the poet more virile than he is commonly; not more so than he has been at times before now. He is never better than in his songs, and here there are several "short swallow flights," of which "Fades the Rose" has a peculiar charm. The sonnet "The Unknown" suggests a doubt whether "How Death May Make a Man" is the strongest in the book. At any rate it has the stronger motion. J. W. C.

OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THRO' FRANCE AND ITALY. By Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. A new edition, with appendix. New York: The Century Co. Crown 8vo. \$1.50.

First in the pages of the *Century Magazine*, and second in an edition made for better times than these, the substance of this book has been to many readers "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." In this new edition, which is as beautiful as any one should desire, and which is printed with every charm of pretty affectation, there are many more illustrations than there were in the *Century* articles. These illustrations are the work of an artist who has drank deeply at Whistler's spring and carries the suggestiveness of his sketching very far. That sometimes it verges upon caricature in the treatment of the human figure and sometimes crosses the line is hardly for the better. But there is no irreverent treating of the landscape or the architectural features of the journey. This was "sentimental" only as following in part the course of Lawrence Sterne's. It is far from sentimental in its treatment of things seen and heard along the way. It is all very bright, but sometimes the *staccato* movement is a little wearisome. We would have some alternation of a calmer flow. The detour from Sterne's track to Barbizan furnishes one of the most interesting chapters. One sometimes wonders if any two people in the world have had a better time together than Mr. and Mrs. Pennell on their tricycling travels. The writer of this notice, remembering how he found them in the Vicar's Close of Wells Cathedral, can testify that they attempt to lure their readers with no counterfeited joy. J. W. C.

IN AMAZON LAND Adaptations from Brazilian Writers, with Original Selections. By Martha F. Sesselberg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, gilt top, 8vo, pp. 94. \$1.50.

This book has that uncertain degree of value which belongs to whatever treats of a little known land and people. It is made up of stories, sketches, legends, descriptions of customs and recollections. Much of the book is translation,—how much it

would be impossible to tell, were it not for the execrable English (if English it may be called) of certain parts of the work. We are surprised that G. P. Putnam's Sons should allow such work to go out under their name; for not only are the selections poorly made, the original being mutilated and mistranslated, but the punctuation and proof-reading are wretched. On page 3 we have anthropological for anthropophagical; and this is but one of many disfigurements which the large, clear type, excellent paper and broad margins, only serve to emphasize. On the whole it must be said that the book reflects credit on neither author nor publisher. F. W. S.

A Suggestion.

The following letter from an active and successful Sunday-school teacher in Massachusetts contains a hint which we do not feel at liberty to suppress; and so quote her own words:

I have a class of women varying from 30 to 70 years, who come to my corner for what I take them, the result of my explorations among all the religions and isms extant. Not one is there that fails to interest me. The Parliament of Religions has been a rich field yielding abundant harvest. I find the sermons on the Great Teachers, published by the editor of *UNITY*, an excellent summary to bring things nearer home. I used "Buddha" to-day and should like seven Sundays in close succession for the whole set. I am impatient to use them. If I had a class of girls or boys I should find them just as useful. Now may I suggest that you advertise them for class work. How much better than the prosy text-books with their "Who next" and "What then?"

THE MAGAZINES.

THE November *Forum* is a notable number, containing articles by Dr. von Holst, Paul Bourget, Gen. Badeau, Walter H. Page, W. M. Payne and Dr. Felix Adler. Dr. von Holst is an interesting rhetorician: none would say that he writes profoundly on the theme, "Shall the Senate Rule the Republic?" Gen. Badeau has given an admirable picture of Hamilton Fish, Grant's great Secretary of State, the man who showed "that high character is not inconsistent with an intimate acquaintance with republican politics." The careful and candid consideration of the race question in the South by Mr. Page, under the challenging title, "The Last Hold of the Southern Bully," is a worthy contribution on a very perplexing question. Mr. Payne, associate editor of the *Dial*, offers some practical suggestions on the topic "What a Daily Newspaper Might Be Made." Dr. Adler glances at the aims and purposes of the American ethical societies.

THE ATLANTIC offers its readers three good stories. "The Man from Aidone," a tale of Sicily by Elisabeth Cavazza, with its beautiful touches from the peasant life of a strange

land, takes a tragic turn. Mrs. Catherwood writes in her characteristic style, and Craddock's serial "His Vanished Star" is continued. Bradford Torrey takes you a delightful walk in Florida "Along the Hillsborough." Mr. Apthorp treats in a gossipy way of Franz and Dresel, and Mr. Owen Wister has some thoughts on "Catholicity in Musical Taste." "The Hungry Greeklings" is a study of the decline of Greek civilization, written by a recent graduate of Bryn Mawr. High praise is paid to a book, "Irish Idylls," by Jane Barlow. The Contributors' Club has something to say against cleverness as set forth not only in such characters as Evan Harrington and the Egoist, but in every-day people like Mr. Mallock.

THE NORTH AMERICAN has its usual variety of articles. Mr. Lodge, writing on "Obstruction in the Senate," shows clearly the present condition of affairs in our upper house. Courtesy has hitherto permitted unlimited debate in the Senate without insuring opportunity to vote. "A simple rule giving the majority power to fix a time for taking a vote upon any measure which has been before the Senate and under discussion, say, for thirty days, would be all sufficient" to remedy the evil. Mr. Pinkerton says a timely word in favor of Congressman Caldwell's bill, recently introduced into the House of Representatives, to place train-robbery under the jurisdiction of the United States courts. "The Revision of the Belgian Constitution" sets forth a recent change which has for its object the enlargement of the franchise in Belgium. H. B. L.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to *UNITY* for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of *UNITY* will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS. By Irene E. Jerome. (Book of Selections.) Illuminated in Missal Style. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Paper boards, gilt edges, 7x10 inches. Boxed. \$2.

PERIWINKLE. By Julia C. R. Dorr. Illustrated from drawings (36) in charcoal by Zulma De Lacy Steele. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 8x11 inches. Boxed. \$3.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated in outline by J. Noel Patton, R. S. A.; with an introductory note by Francis H. Underwood, LL. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, gilt edges, 7x11 inches. Boxed. \$2.

OUR COLONIAL HOMES. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated by 20 large half-tone engravings. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 7x11 inches, pp. 211. Boxed. \$1.50.

RAMBLES IN HISTORIC LANDS: Travels in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France and England. By Peter J. Hamilton, A. M. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 301. \$1.75.

MUSIC from J. Fischer & Bro., New York. HAIL TO THE DAY. Solo and chorus Christmas anthem. By A. Diobelli. 20 cents. PRAISE YE THE LORD. Solo and chorus. By J. Wiegand. 35 cents. ANGEL HANDS IN STRAINS SWEET SOUNDING. Solo and chorus. By J. Wiegand. 25 cents.

PRIMER OF PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 210. \$1.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The life of the All must stream through us to make the man and the moment great.

MON.—Let the purpose for which I live be always before me.

TUES.—Every new thought modifies, interprets old problems.

WED.—With every additional step you enhance immensely the value of your first.

THURS.—Every man is furnished, if he will heed it, with wisdom necessary to steer his own boat.

FRI.—Profound sincerity is the only basis of talent as of character.

SAT.—We are often praised for what is least ours.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

From the newly published volume.

EMERSON'S SCHOOL DAYS.

In school and college he was liked for his equable temper and fairness, but was not demonstrative enough to be eminently popular. He was not vigorous in body, and therefore not a champion in athletic sports. He was singularly free from faults, and this was the substratum for his subsequent expansion in character and intellect. Dr. Furness says:

After the public school was dismissed Mr. Webb had a few boys who came to him chiefly to learn to write. Ralph and I used to sit together. I can see him now at his copy-book; quite a laborious operation, it appeared, as his tongue worked up and down with his pen. But then, thank Heaven! he never had any talent for anything,—nothing but pure genius, which talents would have overlaid. Then it was that he wrote verses on the naval victories of the war of 1812. In his last school year Ralph more than once delivered "original poems" on exhibition days, and some of his "themes" so pleased Mr. Gould that he kept them to show to the school committee.

His gift of rhyming was a matter of modest family pride among the brothers, and he was often called upon to exercise it in writing to them when they were separated. In his letters to Edward, who was away from home at the Phillips Academy at Andover, he often passes into verse, as for instance:—

The other day, while scouring knives, I began to hum away at that verse,—

Harp of Memnon, sweetly strung, etc., but I really did not think that the harsh melody of the knives sounded quite so sweet as the harp.

Melodious knife, and thou, harmonious sand, Touched by the poet scourer's rugged hand, When swift ye glide along the scouring-board, With music's note your happy bard reward.

Closing another letter,—

And now, dear William, with a rhyme I'll close,

For you are tired, I may well suppose. Besides, we soon shall hear the nightly bell

For prayers,—so now farewell.

He always recurred with much amusement to his brother Charles's disgust at being held up to school as,—

Another brother, small and younger too,

New to the school and to his studies new,

Hath here received instruction of that kind

To banish all its dulness from the mind.

The last two lines he thought particularly delightful.

In one of his letters to Edward:

Aunt's only message to you is, Be brave; that is, do not be cast down by thoughts of home. I have begun *Tele-machus* in French at Miss Sales', and at home I am reading Priestley's 'Lectures on History.' Mother thinks you had better try to borrow 'Charles XII.' or some other history to amuse you during vacation. But as even nonsense sounds good if cloth'd in the dress of Poetry, I believe I must resort to that as my last expedient:—

So erst two brethren climbed the cloud capp'd hill,

Ill-fated Jack and long-lamented Jill, Snatched from the crystal font its lucid store, And in full pails the precious treasure bore. But, ah! by dull forgetfulness oppress'd (Forgive me, Edward), I've forgot the rest.

Yours,

RALPH.

—From *Cabot's Life of Emerson*.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

A few years ago a company of Indians were captured on the Western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children who had been with the savages for years. Word was sent throughout the region, inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognize their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of her darlings—a boy and a girl. With mingled hope and fear she came; with throbbing heart she approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother's love peered into their faces, one after another, but there was nothing in any that she could claim; nor was there anything in her to light up their cold faces. With the dull pain of despair at her heart she was turning away, when she paused, choked back the tears, and in soft, clear notes, began a simple song she used to sing her little ones of Jesus and heaven. Not a line was completed before a boy and girl sprang from the group, exclaiming: "Mamma! mamma!" and she folded her lost ones to her bosom. So lives a mother's early influence in the hearts of her children.

—*The Scholars' Companion*.

'Tis not new facts that avail, but the heat to dissolve everybody's facts.

—Emerson, in *Society and Solitude*.

INTO PATHS OF LIGHT.

Hand in hand with angels
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.

Some soft hands are carried
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with angels
Walking every day;
How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say.

Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one
To the loftiest seraph,
Standing near the throne.

—Lucy Larcom.



You
Wonder
why Mrs.
——is so
enthusiastic
about
Washing
Com-
pounds?
You
wouldn't, if
you knew
the facts.
You'll find
that she is

using **Pearline**, instead of the poor and perhaps dangerous imitation of it that you are trying to wash with. You mustn't think that all Washing Compounds are alike. **Pearline** is the original and the best. Millions know it. So does every peddler, though to sell you his stuff he tells you that it's the "same as" **Pearline**.

Beware of imitations 345 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

The Coming Religion

By THOMAS VAN NESS.

"CLEAR, CONCISE, FORCIBLE—An admirable presentation of modern thought."—*San Francisco Chronicle*. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 228. \$1.00. For sale by

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

LESSON XIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Matt. xxi. 1-17.

*The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.*

—Bayard Taylor.

Picture: Cleansing of the Temple, by Hofmann.

Can this be the same man whom we saw in the picture of two weeks ago, then fondling little children with tender smile, now swinging a scourge with stern, threatening face? The voice that was so gentle when he spoke to the penitent vibrates now with strong indignation. He who was tender with little children is brave in the presence of wrong, and he who loved and pitied the outcasts is daring enough when a perilous deed of righteousness must be done.

What is the story of the picture?—At the end of his last journey to Jerusalem Jesus entered the city in triumph and drove the traffickers from the temple.

To understand this picture we must review the last few days of Jesus' life. Soon after the transfiguration, Jesus set out for Jerusalem to attend the Passover feast. He did not travel alone, for many pilgrims were taking the same journey, and in all the Galilean caravans there was suppressed excitement over the thrilling intimations that came from the disciples of Jesus. However it may have originated the Passover had become the great feast of deliverance: it looked backward to the miracle by which God led his people out of Egypt, and it looked forward, also, to the future Messiah who should work an even greater deliverance for the people of God. At no other time were the signs of Roman authority so odious and Messianic hopes so ardent. Hence a mere hint that the Messiah was actually at hand, there he was with his twelve disciples, was enough at Passover season to kindle the wildest hopes and raise the most desperate valor. Late in the afternoon, the company of which Jesus is central figure reaches the little village of Bethany on the eastern side of Olivet; here Jesus stays over night in the house of his friends, Lazarus, Mary and Martha, while the excited pilgrims hasten over the hills to enter Jerusalem before nightfall. In the morning Jesus himself, with his disciples, starts for the city. His friends are wildly excited, for he who has declared himself the Messiah is on his way to the city of David: they run before him shouting and praising God. Following the road that leads over the shoulder of Olivet they catch sight of the city and the temple glorious with marble and gold. As with louder

shouts of rejoicing they rush down into the valley, those who had preceded him the night before and have been watching for his coming, swarm out of the city gates with triumphant cries and hurry to meet him, as at the feast of Tabernacles the city dwellers went forth to greet approaching pilgrims. The two companies meet, and when Jesus is seen riding on an ass's foal, as if in designed fulfillment of an ancient prophecy concerning the Messiah, the excitement turns into frenzy. Tearing branches from the trees that line the road and casting their garments down to carpet his way, the swaying crowd bears Jesus along into Jerusalem. Straight to the temple he goes, and there, with the almost delirious multitudes at his back, he breaks in upon the chattering venders and thieving money-changers with a passionate scorn that stops not short of violence. Overwhelmed by the sudden in-rushing of such a tumultuous mob, overawed by the personality of Jesus, always impressive but never more than when, as now, he was filled with passionate indignation, the desecrators of the temple made haste to escape. Then Jesus went back over the hill to pass the night in the quiet home of his friends.

Why did Jesus allow this demonstration?—Because he was convinced that he was the Messiah, and therefore would enter Jerusalem as the Messiah should.

This "triumphant entry into Jerusalem" is the most puzzling scene in the life of Jesus. It seems so utterly unlike him that we are disposed to believe it cannot actually have happened. Moreover, there are discrepancies in the accounts: (a) According to Mark the purification of the temple took place on the day after the "triumphal entry," according to Matthew and Luke on the same day. In this Mark is clearly wrong, for this act requires for its successful accomplishment just such a state of excitement in Jesus and his followers as the events of "Palm Sunday" imply. (b) In Matthew's narrative there is an odd misunderstanding of the prophecy quoted from Zechariah, which has led the author or editor into a gross absurdity that is cleverly covered up by the Revised Version. In the original passage in Zechariah only one animal is referred to—"riding upon an ass, even upon a colt, the foal of an ass." But "Matthew" mistook the common Hebrew idiom, and hence introduces two animals, upon both of which in some unexplained way Jesus rides into Jerusalem. (c) In the Fourth Gospel is a story like this in the Synoptists', only it is placed at the beginning of Jesus' ministry instead of at the end of it (John ii. 13-22). Yet if the purification of the temple really occurred at all it is far more natural to place it in the setting of the Synoptists than in that of John. To one who believes that Jesus never proclaimed himself Messiah at all, or Messiah only in a purely spiritual sense, this episode must appear totally incredible. But in these lessons we have adopted a different view, one of the merits of which is that it makes the event of Palm Sunday perfectly explicable. Jesus had avowed himself the Messiah, and was now coming to Jerusalem fully expecting to fulfill there the prediction relating to the suffering Messiah. But

he was the Messiah, and therefore he would assume his rightful honor and authority. Keim quotes a passage from the Talmud, of uncertain date, to the effect that if the Israelites are good, Messiah will come in the clouds of heaven, but if they are not good, then riding on an ass. It is unlikely that such a saying would have arisen after the time of Jesus, and it may be, therefore, that this interpretation of the passage in Zechariah was in the mind of Jesus when he mounted the ass's colt. As Messiah both by public declaration and by symbolic act he would ride into Jerusalem, though knowing perfectly well that this testimony would contribute to bring about his death. As Messiah, too, he had the right to put the substance of his preaching into a conspicuous object lesson, and purify the temple, his Father's house, which the hucksters were desecrating. If we accept the idea of Jesus' belief in himself as the Messiah, this public display becomes entirely comprehensible and the undertone of pathos heard in all the events of the day is perfectly natural.

Why did Jesus cleanse the temple?—Because he felt that the abuses which he attacked were opposed to the true worship of God.

After all, it is not to be wondered at that he should have found in the temple what he did. When worshipers from abroad wished to make their money offering to the temple, it must be not in foreign but in Jewish coin. Hence there was need of money-changers, and where could they be stationed more conveniently than in the outer court of the temple? If animals were to be offered in sacrifice, where could the rich man more easily procure his lamb, or the poor man his doves, than in the temple where the offering was to be made? So presumably the custom arose of having money-changers and venders of sacrificial offerings in the sacred precincts.

The cries of the animals, the noise of buyer and seller, and above all the sharp and unjust bargaining which seems to have been practiced, had undoubtedly offended many a man besides Jesus: probably he himself had felt the iniquity of it before, but now he had come to the temple as the Messiah, and therefore it was incumbent upon him to remove the abuses which he found. It was therefore a natural outburst of indignation, to which he gave readier expression because he deemed himself the Messiah.

In a previous lesson we learned that John, the priest's son, disgusted by such scenes as this which met Jesus' eye, had withdrawn to the wilderness with the question of Micah in his heart, and there had learned thoroughly the answer of the ancient prophet (Micah vi. 6-8). Jesus had reached the same general position as John by a revolt from the Pharisees instead of the priests. But now he too has set himself against the priestly as well as against the scribal tendencies, and the priests as well as the Pharisees are bitter against him. Moreover, Rome could not tolerate the presence of one who claimed to be a Messiah, least of all at Jerusalem in Passover week. So by this act Jesus awoke at once the jealous hate of the priests and the suspicion of the Romans, as he had previously angered the Pharisees, and so himself made inevitable the death which he anticipated.

Questions.

The Picture.—Can you think of any other heroes whose characters have exemplified our Golden Verse? What is the scene of this picture, the time? What authority is there for representing Jesus as armed with "a scourge of small cords."

The Entry Into Jerusalem.—What are the difficulties in the account? Was it like Jesus to prepare or countenance such a dramatic display? Do you think that he really did go into Jerusalem in the way described?

The Purification of the Temple.—Why were money-changers and sellers of animals in the temple at all? Whereabouts in the temple were they? Was the temple built like one of our churches? What kind of building was it?

The Temple of God.—What is the real temple of God? What is its inner shrine and what are its outer courts? Can there be real worship within while the outer courts are not pure? What would a purification of the temple mean for us?

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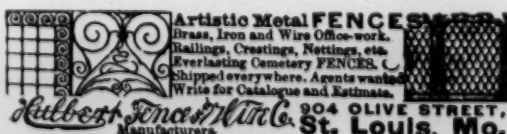
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—ADDRESS—

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Notes from the Field

Chicago.—Kinza Ringe Hirai, the Buddhist priest and philosopher of Japan, who made such a sensation at the Parliament by his account of the way Christian nations treated Japan, and B. B. Nagarkar, the colleague of Mozoomdar in the Brahmo Somaj of India, have been speaking at many of our churches to the great acceptance of their hearers. Some thirty or forty places have had the pleasure of hearing them, calls having come from as far north as Duluth and as far south as Atlanta. Mr. Hirai goes East early in December, as the guest of Mrs. S. G. W. Benjamin, New Brighton, N. Y., and from there he will go to Philadelphia to speak before the Unitarian Club on December 21st. He will return by the way of New England, probably stopping a few weeks in Chicago during February, and then going on to the Pacific coast to take ship for Japan, leaving a host of fast friends behind him. Mr. Nagarkar will spend the holidays in Chicago, and then pay a visit of five or six weeks to California, returning in March to make his way East, and reach England by May. Friends along the route of these two travelers will miss a rare treat if they fail to hear them speak as they pass by.

We shall also have a chance to hear two other speakers from the Orient, as the following pathetic little letter shows:

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, CHICAGO, ILL.:

We read a book "What Do Unitarians Believe?" and found that the Unitarians are always ready to accept the truth and reject the untruth. It is a best Maxim. There is no higher religion than truth. We found in this book that it was written under the subject of "Bible," page 16, which we quote here: "Every race has its Bible, and all scripture is given by inspiration. But little as we know as yet concerning the ethnic scriptures,—the Vedas, Zendavest, Shu Kings, and Quran, we know enough to see that the Jewish and Christian sacred books are greatly superior to them in literary, moral and religious value, and this because they flowed out of a higher conception of God and man and human duty, and out of a nearer converse with the Divine.

Dear sir, as it is said that as little we know as yet concerning the ethnic scriptures, then we ask how the final opinions are passed, or can be passed, that the Jewish and Christian sacred book are "superior to them in," etc. As we are Vedic missionaries working in the United States, are ready to show dark or light side of Vedas—as in literary we may tell you that our Sanskrit language in which the Vedas are written is more complete and copious than the Hebrew or any other language, such as Latin, Greek, etc., and our language is full. Jewish or Christian sacred books are written in the Hebrew, so it shows that in literary the Vedas are the first. Next to it, in morality: Our Vedas are full of it; perhaps, and here we doubt that you may believe it because you are or may be well familiarized with the translation of the Vedas by the European scholars, such as Max Mueller, Monier Williams and such others. Their translations are totally wrong, as proved if you read the books given in the list which I send to you for your perusal, and send for if you are interested in finding the truth,—then you will come to know that how far the European scholars have been partial and guilty to mislead the people from the path of truth. In the morality and in the religious values the Vedas you will find, if inquirer, the best authorities and acceptable by all. If you will allow us to let you know, then we shall write you now and then about the morality and religious values of the Vedas. Don't take us as Hindus. This is the cause that the Light of the Vedas is kept in secret by the Brahmins, whom nowadays we call Hindus. It was all done owing to their selfishness while they invented their own religion, Brahmanism, as it was called after them, and which was changed into the word Hinduism when the Mohammedans conquered India. Vedas do teach only Monotheism, but the Hindus applied their meaning to gods and goddesses, wherefrom all other religions of the world sprang up. We shall let you know how the Christianity sprang up and who was Christ and how his teaching came, etc., if we find that you would like to accept the truth. We are going to preach our

religion in this United States, where we found that our ancient Vedic Religion is misrepresented and misunderstood. We guess that the Unitarian Societies in this country would be willing to confess their wrong conception or idea concerning the Vedas. Our loins are girt about to spread the light of Truth of Vedas. Can you suggest us how can we be able to preach and let the people know all over in the United States. If any one shall come forward to convince us for our truth or untruth we shall be highly obliged, for our principle is:

Accept the Truth and renounce the untruth, Unitarians, say why "the Bible is still the book of books to us for" *** [read page 15].

If you shall study Vedas you will accept it as your Bible, and must be accepted by the whole human race. Yours very truly,

JINDA RAM,
SIDDHU RAM.

Englewood, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 20, 1893.

Has not this letter a lesson for those Christian denominations which are sending missionaries out to the rest of the world?

If any of the churches wish to hear these missionaries, they can be reached at the address given above; and they will be found bright and entertaining in answering the questions of the audience, though their preliminary papers are a trifle tedious, judging from the meeting at Masonic Temple last Sunday evening.

The newly organized WOMAN'S LEAGUE met at the Church of the Messiah on Monday, the 20th, at 2 p. m. The meeting was largely attended and represented a wide range of theological beliefs. The special business in hand was to give the new society a name that should suit all those who wish to work in its organization. After two hours of most friendly debate and conference, one by one the names liberal, religious and progressive were discarded in the interest of the broadest possible freedom, and at the end the name stood as it began, "The Woman's League." Its object is the free discussion of religious and ethical questions. Its President is Mrs. Celia P. Woolley and its Secretary Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon. The next meeting will be held in January, at which time papers will be read and discussed.

Janesville, Wis.—The Wisconsin State Conference will be held in this place Dec. 5-7. Mr. Forbush gives the sermon Tuesday evening. Wednesday is filled by the usual reports in the morning and with papers in the afternoon on "The Church and the Children," by Rev. R. C. Douthit, of Baraboo; and on "The Church and the Young People," by Rev. F. W. N. Hugenoltz, of Hillside. In the evening Rev. J. L. Jones gives a sermon on "The Cause of the Toiler." Thursday Rev. C. F. Niles, of Menomonie, gives a paper on "Unity Club Work;" Rev. Loftus Gibb, of Janesville, on "The Church and the Community;" Rev. W. F. Place, of Arcadia, on "The Object of the Liberal Church;" Rev. Lloyd Skinner, of Eau Claire, on "The Obstacles of the Liberal Church;" Rev. J. T. Schindler, of Racine, on "The United Liberal Church." The Conference ends Thursday evening with a platform meeting in which Rev. H. T. Secrist, of Milwaukee, speaks on "The Foundations on Which We Build;" Rev. C. F. Niles, of Menomonie, on "The Purpose for Which We Exist;" and Rev. G. H. Clare, of Madison, on "The Glories of Our Gospel."

Toledo, O.—Brother Jennings and his earnest associates deserve the congratulations of the friends of Liberal religion everywhere for having accomplished an admirable piece of work.

Six years ago he began the tilling of one of the proverbial "burnt fields" about which grim reference is frequently made in Boston when the missionary work of the West is under consideration. And on the 15th inst. there was dedicated a beautiful church-home; compact, artistic, modest and modern, well calculated to do the work of a seven-day church and to carry out the work which its name would suggest, —a "Church of Our Father," —a church wherein no man will be a stranger. The attendance was good at all the meetings, the interest active, and the spirit hospitable and progressive. Perhaps Mr. Jennings will testify that the ashes of burnt hopes may after all prove under certain circumstances a good fertilizer. Other men labored at Toledo. He entered into their labors and put some more labor onto the field and the thing was accomplished. UNITY extends its congratulations to the Toledo friends. Let others go and do likewise. The new church of Our Father was dedicated November 15 and 16. The church was organized May, 1888. The following was the programme: Wednesday evening, November 15, organ voluntary; opening sentences, minister of church and congregation; hymn, "The forests gave their oak and pine," congregation, led by Mrs. Thomas Biddle; Scripture reading, Rabbi Emanuel Schreiber; prayer, Rev. H. H. Barber, of Meadville, Pa.; response, Gounod; hymn: sermon, Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chicago, Ill.; solo, "The Holy City," Stephen Adams; collection, statement by pastor, followed by Mr. Jones, of Chicago; hymn, No. 88 Unity Collection, congregation; benediction. Thursday morning, November 16, devotional meeting at ten o'clock, led by Rev. George B. Penney, of Marietta, Ohio; paper by Rev. George A. Thayer, of Cincinnati, Ohio; paper by Rev. H. H. Barber, of Meadville, Pa.; discussion; recess and luncheon at church; after-dinner speeches of ten minutes each in audience-room of church, by Revs. George A. Thayer, Barber, Sunderland, Penney, Dr. Schreiber, Rev. Charles Cravens, and others. Thursday evening, November 16, organ voluntary, Batiste; opening sentences, by minister and congregation; hymn: Scripture reading, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor; prayer, Rev. George A. Thayer; response, Gottschalk; hymn, congregation; sermon, Rev. Grindall Reynolds; solo "There is a green hill," Gounod; doxology; benediction.

Oakland, Cal.—Now that Mr. Wendte has returned to his parish the Oakland Unitarian Church is full of life and activity. Like so many other churches, it has its course of sociological study, in the form of Sunday evening lectures. Under the auspices of the Starr King Fraternity a course of university extension lectures is being given by Prof. W. H. Hudson, of Stanford University, on "Modern Poetry and Modern Thought." The Unity Club, Woman's Auxiliary, and other auxiliaries of the church are also active. The weekly calendar closes with a broad and sweet statement of the aims of the church, —such a one as UNITY delights to see. Mr. Wendte recently preached on "What I Would Do for Oakland if I Were a Rich Man," and the Oakland Enquirer printed the sermon the following day. From its report we learn that Mr. Wendte would do three things for his city.

He would give it a public library, a conservatory of music, and a park system. And he thinks the need of such public institutions in every city calls to the rich of those cities to supply the need. His sermon was introductory to the series of addresses by laymen on "Present Day Reforms," to be given on Sunday evenings, the first being on "Reasons for the Prevailing Discontent," by Prof. E. E. Ross, of Stanford University.

San Francisco, Cal.—In response to the following letter, addressed by a number of citizens of San Francisco, including Horace Davis, Charles A. Murdock, and other prominent Unitarians, President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, is giving a course of University Extension Lectures to crowded houses, under the auspices of the Pacific Unitarian Conference, upon the following subjects: Factors in Organic Evolution; Heredity; The Struggle for Existence and Survival of the Fittest; Degeneration in Evolution; Do Species Exist? The letter was as follows:

DEAR SIR: The undersigned, representing many in the community who are desirous to hear your exposition of the Scientific Doctrine of Evolution, and the reason for believing it to be the true philosophy of the Laws of Life, respectfully invite you to deliver a course of lectures on this subject at an early day in this city, time and place to be decided on here after.

Salem, Ore.—Now that the rainy season has begun this society has begun active work. Twice a month the Unity Club meets, once for purely literary work and once for sociological discussion. Twice a month the Junior Unity Club meets for literary work, followed by amusement. Once a month a sociable is held in Channing Hall, which has been partly finished off, and where young and old engage in dancing under the direction of the church members. The sociables of Unity Church are very popular and bring in a considerable revenue. Rev. Mr. Copeland is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures on the religions of the world, in which he quotes largely from the addresses given at the Parliament of Religions. The church is well filled to hear these lectures. Everything in the Unitarian Church of Salem is flourishing.

Tacoma, Wash.—We are very glad that despite the severe business depression from which this city is suffering the increase in membership of the Tacoma Free Church is sufficient to counterbalance the diminution in the financial ability of the old members. An enthusiastic meeting was held at the close of last month to increase the large and growing interest in the church and provide for the coming year.

Wichita, Kan.—The church of this city has extended a unanimous call to the Rev. W. S. Vail, formerly of the Universalist Church in St. Paul. He had been engaged to fill the pulpit for the month of November, but the people were so greatly pleased with him that they called him before the month was half over.

Fort Worth, Tex.—Rev. S. J. Brownson, a former Presbyterian minister, a long time citizen of Fort Worth, who became interested in Unitarian Christianity under M. Shultz's preaching, has taken up the good work on his own account. Mr. Brownson is one of the editors of the Fort Worth Daily Gazette, and he has begun to give regular

Sunday evening discourses, which have been attended with some success. "We intend," he writes, "to try it on strictly Unitarian lines, making it as popular as possible with an effort to reach the 'masses.'"

Florida.—Rev. I. C. Gibson is working hard as a traveling missionary in this State. In some towns he has an organized band of liberal Christians to support him. In other districts these to whom he ministers are scattered: but he keeps on the fight although no appropriation has been made for his work by the A. U. A. for a year or more. Although he has a family he is willing to give himself to the arduous work of a liberal circuit rider for \$500 a year, and in fact is bound to give himself to the work whether or not he gets the \$500.

Boston, Mass.—Dr. Philip S. Moxom, the well-known liberal Baptist minister, who two years ago withdrew his resignation from the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at the earnest solicitation of an overwhelming majority of his congregation, has again tendered his resignation, and there is little probability that it will again be recalled. It seems that a hostile minority have continued to work against him and have asked him to repeat his offer of resignation. For this *The Outlook* criticises them severely, saying that they were bound by every obligation of honor to accept the will of the majority or to withdraw if they could not bring the majority to their way of thinking.

Baraboo, Wis.—Rev. L. J. Stoughton having resigned the charge of this parish last summer, Rev. Robert C. Douthit, a recent graduate of Meadville, and son of Rev. Jasper L. Douthit, of Shelbyville, Ill., has been called to succeed him and has accepted the call.

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Apropos of the Fiftieth Birthday of the senior editor the publishers of UNITY are anxious to co-operate with its readers in making a push for doubling the constituency of UNITY, thus extending the influence of its editor, multiplying the usefulness of the paper, hastening the time when its dream of the Liberal Church of America will be realized,—a church creedless but not thoughtless, based on ethics, and open on all sides and from above to the thought of God and the inspirations of the God-serving, truth-seeking, and high living prophets of all ages.

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